

I spent the summer vacation at the hot springs on the slope of the extinct volcano Myoko San, and who had practically turned into a Buddhist priest. He had killed two Germans at Tsingtau—their heads were off before they knew they were in danger. But he sorrowed, and it worked upon his mind, and he spent much time in prayer. He had three bonny little children, a girl and two boys. On his way home to Kyoto, the elder boy was taken ill and died. He wrote me to say it was his punishment for having taken life, and I felt his fear. Two months later came another funeral card, with a brief and poignant message: *He too has gone.*

Japanese literature also is full of the thoughts of Tao. And one of the many strange parallels between Japan and England is illustrated by the fact that there is far more of Tao in English Literature than has ever been translated from Chinese, and in quarters where we should hardly expect. There are words of Sir Richard Steele which are pure Tao:

It is an inexpressible pleasure to know a little of the world, and be of no character or significance in it.

It is clearly present in sayings of John Keats, which, as utterance of his normal convictions, throw a new light on his poetry: his sensuous delight would seem to have a definite principle behind:

Let us open our leaves like a flower, and be passive and receptive.

The only way to strengthen one's intellect is to make up one's mind about nothing.

And Emerson, as a student saturated with Eastern thought, is constantly showing facets of Tao. It is Emerson, too, who has given a constructive aspect to Tao, by relating it, though not perhaps with full consciousness of what he was doing, with salient convictions of Indian thought:

It is a secret which every intellectual man quickly learns, that, beyond the energy of his possessed and conscious intellect, he is capable of a new energy by abandonment to the nature of things. . . . then he is caught up into the life of the Universe; his speech is thunder, his thought is law.

With the gradual approximation to Eastern standards which is now in progress we find more and more evidence of the survival of the spirit of Tao. Passages are appearing on all sides in English Literature which cannot be understood without the comment of this old book. For example, Mr. T. S. Eliot's assertions in *The Sacred Wood* that art is not the expression of personality but a continual extinction of personality. In the light of Tao such passages come to have clear meaning, and as definite applications they in turn illuminate the theory of Tao. It is hard for us to conceive of any work of art that is not an expression of the personality of the artist, indeed, that is just what we demand of the artist. But there is a sense in which things renounce their characteristic qualities to become or suggest something on a higher plane. By gradually losing its personality, we may say, a block of stone becomes the most exquisite dream of marble foliage, mingling with the invading sunlight and the shy rays of the morn in a ceaseless music of ever-changing form around the resting place of a